AMERICA'S KILLING PACE ASTOUNDS MARSHAL FOCH

Nation's Mad Rush, Commented Upon by Famous Visitor, Subject of Grave Concern to Neurologists and Public Health Advocates

By WILLIS STEELL.

REMEMBERING the solemnity which attends a "voyage" from Paris to London, the long preparations, the prolonged farewells, the will making and the appointment of a personal agent necessary before a Frenchman takes his life in his hand and boldly crosses the English Channel, one may in part appreciate what the Distinguished Stranger, guest of the nation, feels as he is whisked from one side to the other of this broad continent. It is like a kind of prolonged vertigo that only a strong constitution survives.

To take *petit dejeuner* in New York and *dejeuner* in Washington appears to a foreigner like a marvellous feat, while to dine one night in the capital and the next in Pittsburgh is to write for one's self a new thousand and second night.

Marshal Foch is our most recent guest to wonder at the swiftness of America. His days and nights of travel, his brief sojourns in various cities for banquets, receptions and other events of which he has been the shining figure, must appear to him in retrospect a kind of wild phantasmagoria. He has described it as such, though not in so many words. And what appears to him more strange is that we Americans take this "tohu-bohu" as a matter of course.

Mad Dash From City to City Seems a Strange Occupation

Life in a railway train, even the most luxurious, offers no charms to the great French strategist. To dash from city to city, to sleep in different hotels on successive nights, even to hurry from one section or quarter to another in a town without pause, without relaxation, seems to him an extraordinary occupation, especially in times of peace.

And his wonder grows when he hears that there are Americans who spend their lives doing something like this. Evidently they impress Marsha' Foch ike a strange species.

It is the exceptional, of course, that strangers always see and on which they write their singular *impressions du voyage*. We Americans are not always on the go, although all of our passenger coaches going anywhere seem always to be filled. There are individuals who hurry back and forth between New York and Los Angeles with no impelling reason of business or even inclination, but they are not representative. A good many of us—a majority—"stay put" in either place if it happens to be our home.

Yet in the exaggerated idea of American restlessness, American bustle and swiftness carried away by foreigners who do not, as is Marshal Foch's case, speak our language there is considerable truth. We are a restless, unquiet, hurrying people.

We run the pace that kills.

Is this true?

Is the American pace too swift and are we damaging health by keeping it up?

Let us ask some authorities who should be in a position to know. Let us ask first of all some famous neurologists.

Dr. Bernard Sachs is a neurologist remarkable among other things for the conservative cast of his mind. He is not an alarmist in his wide practice, and he studies new symptoms, new theories, new conditions very carefully before uttering an opinion on them. Evidently he had thought of the question which Marshal Foch's observation brought up, for he said promptly:

"I agree with any one who says that we live too hard and too fast. Our rapid ways are not beneficial to the individual and the race. We ought to slow up."

Opinion Based on Own Practice Where Consequences Are Apparent

"Are these deductions made from your own practice?"

"Largely and naturally so, but not wholly so. I think from my common observation of the man in the street I would hold them. It is certainly brought home to me by my patients; I aim to minister to minds diseased, and in diagnosing these I find most generally that harm has been wrought to that mystery, the human brain, by false living. This is true in so many instances that I am tempted to apply it generally. The great majority of mental patients have brought disastrous consequences on themselves by a thoughtless use of life, by burning the candle at both ends, to use a familiar expression.

"Sometimes they were unable to live differently; conditions were such that they were plunged in spite of themselves into a vortex combining business and pleasure, or what the world calls pleasure. There they were whirled round and round until the balance was destroyed, equilibrium of brain and body gone and they had to stop or die.

"This sort of thing is not to be excused or palliated; it is a reckless dealing with a man's body and soul. A society that demands such recklessness is in need of reformation.

"Yes, the pace is too rapid; we try to do too many things at the same time. Men try to succeed in business and to rule or lead in politics; some aspire while working hard in an office all day to be at night social leaders. Women are even worse, and being the weaker in bodily structure their failure to survive the tremendous strain is to be expected.

"We ought to slow up, take more time to live. In the ordinary matters of eating and relaxation we go too fast. In the season, too, many persons make a kind of quick lunch out of their dinner, which should be eaten slowly in pleasant surroundings and accompanied by cheerful conversation. Instead, because they do not wish to be late at the opera or some function, people rush their meal and get very little good out of it.

True Relaxation Is Uncommon Among the American People

"True relaxation also is not common with us Americans. It ought to be learned, for it is a part of the science of life. To clear the mind of worries, to talk easily, slowly and pleasantly of some interesting topic, to rest the nerves and body for a quarter of an hour three or four times a day, is part of a true health programme. It will have to be learned and practised if this great American race fulfils its highest destiny."

At the Neurological Institute it was said that undoubtedly fully one-half of the patients accommodated there suffered from ills brought on by a too rapid kind of living. It was explained that the term rapid was not used in the sense of fast, for work carried on too strenuously and without adequate rest periods between made patients for the doctors to cure if possible. A few cases of locomotor ataxia had been perceptibly improved at the hospital by a rest cure even more than by medicine, and these cases after leaving there might progress to complete recovery if they were accommodated to a simple, easy life free from rush.

Dr. Frederick Peterson was emphatic in what he had to say about the way we have lived for a good many years and are still living. Said he:

"Everybody would live longer if they'd just stop the unnecessary hustle. I'm aware that it requires earnest attention and strict following up to succeed in any business or profession to-day, and I would not advocate a race of do-nothings. But I do say that a good many people make their lives harder than there is any need.

"Elimination is a splendid thing. Suppose every woman who finds herself driven by a thousand petty things she calls duties would sit down calmly and cross off all those which have been wished on her by her position in society or by any other cause. Suppose she should say to herself: 'Whatever calls are made on my time by duties to my household, my husband and my children, I shall give up two hours of every twenty-four to myself. In those two hours I will not sleep, unless that is my only cure, but I shall rest my mind over a good book or simply by sitting still and thinking quietly and sanely of pleasant things.'

"That woman, I submit, would never have occasion to consult a neurologist.

Rest and Cultivated Placidity Work Wonders With Nerves

"Rest and a habit of cultivating placidity work wonders. Better than a restless, disturbed sleep, it knits up the tangled skein, and there will always be found time for it by the seeker who recognizes its importance.

"The whole world is suffering from this lack of elimination. It is absurd to confine these bad habits to our country. In England, where the people have always prided themselves on taking life easily, the pace which prevails here has latterly been adopted. France itself isn't free from these disastrous encroachments. The worldly set there live as rapidly as the worldly set anywhere.

"Perhaps among the bourgeoisie the habit still prevails of taking a true rest in the middle of the day, when merchants go home to a meal which we would call a dinner, it is so abundant, but this is being dropped by the class above them, and it is likely to be dropped by all classes of society. There is more excuse for the French than for us, because every man of that country for the next generation will have to exert himself doubly in order to aid in bringing his country back to normal conditions.

"That is a provision for a crisis, and if it does not become a universal habit, crowding out others centuries old, it will not work any great or lasting harm. For a strange provision of nature makes it possible for people to go a tremendous pace for a time without harm. The mind realizes that it is only for a time and that things will go back to normal when the crisis is past. And so the mind inspires itself to redoubled effort with the knowledge of rest ahead.

"Here, unfortunately, however the thing began, hurry and a crowding together of dissimilar things have become a national characteristic. I deplore it as an evil thing.'

Tends to Shorten Life Surely, Asserts Neurologist Flatly

Granting what Dr. Peterson said as having a root in facts, the worst consequences might not be unavoidable. He was questioned about this point in this way: "Does the swiftness of our people to do things and to do many things at once shorten life?"

"Indubitably," was his reply. "How can it be otherwise? Nature is our creditor, just but severe. To rush our lives and to crowd two lives into one is to borrow of her, and she will demand payment, as she always does."

This subject figured among those discussed during the recently held "Health Fortnight," and held a prominent place in the "health message" to the public given out by the conferees. In brief, it was by elimination of useless time-killing things, working earnestly when he worked and resting and playing as earnestly when he did these things, man could prolong his days.

In a member of the committee in charge of the Health Exposition there was found a living illustration of this dictum in the person of Dr. Stephen Smith. Although in his ninety-ninth year, Dr. Smith took an active part in the proceedings. The history of this centenarian is interesting beyond the plain fact of his having lived so long. He founded the American Public Health Association and conducted investigations into sanitary conditions in New York city more than half a century ago. His influence was important in procuring the legislation which created the Health Department of the city and he was New York's first Health Commissioner.

Dr. Smith has always held the view now substantiated by so many years of observation that it is the calm mind, the careful life from which noisy abstractions are banished that leads to length of days. To live thus is to modify the pace to a tempered walk. In other words, in Dr. Smith's philosophy life is not to be thought of as a racecourse unless it is understood at the same time that the goal is death.

These medical and other professional opinions jibe with what people commonly think. At least it is most frequently heard that So-and-So died early because he overworked and overplayed. And while yielding supinely to the incessant demands on his time and strength, a man, the ordinary man, will nearly always say: "This rapid kind of life will be the death of me."

But the figures don't say so. In fact, they say for the moment—that is, for the year from last January to September—that the death rate has decreased. THE NEW YORK HERALD quite lately printed the statements of actuaries of some of our best known life insurance companies, which showed that people do not die as early as they used to. Roughly speaking, the average period of life in England and in this country has been extended by ten years. An actuary of Kansas City was able from tables compiled in his office to predict that man might ultimately come to live to be as old as Methuselah.

The figures showing an extension in the span of life in England have the advantage of being presented every year, while in this country they are drawn from the census, with a decade of time between the reports.

How the General Public Health Has Improved in Three Years

The industrial department of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company shows the death rate per thousand in specific months (six) of 1919, 1920 and 1921 as follows:

Month.	1919.	1920.	1921.
January	18.6	10.1	9.2
February	16.2	16.7	9.4
March	14.6	15.5	10.1
April	13.1	11.1	9.2
May	10.4	9.2	8.6
June	9.9	9.8	8.2

It will thus be seen that health conditions among the wage earning groups of the United States and Canada were the best that have ever obtained during this season of the year. The marked improvement seen in the first three months of this year over the same three months of 1920 was due to the absence of influenza, which in 1920 was epidemic. A high pneumonia death rate also was reported in 1920.

Health conditions in the general population of the country throughout the summer and early fall are reported as being unusually good.

It is worth remembering that the insurance companies keep no account of the nervous diseases which shorten and end life according to the neurologists and to our own good sense. Epidemics, spread of tuberculosis and automobile accidents figure largely as causes in their death reports, but it would be strange to see diagrammed the numbers of the men and women who wore themselves into an early grave or a lingering age of sickness by running the pace that kills. The diagrams will have to be made by each person for himself, and he won't have much trouble in getting up some that will be conclusive. He has merely to review the necrology of his own acquaintance.

"So John Smith is gone. Poor devil! I've been expecting it; he never took a moment's rest."

"Mrs. Jones was buried yesterday. What took her off so early? But I know. She ran her house, headed a dozen committees, got up charity shows, &c. She couldn't stand the pace."

These things are common in Paris and New York; common everywhere presumably. Marshal Foch must surely know hostesses whose hours are as crowded as any New York hostess's, and if he doesn't Daudet did. French novels are full of the type.

So what does he mean by what he denominates American swiftness, and how does he measure it?

Well, a typical Marshal Foch day is in the accompanying box. It is only one out of all the crowded hours by which the stranger is bound to judge us.

A TYPICAL FOCH DAY, NOVEMBER 19.

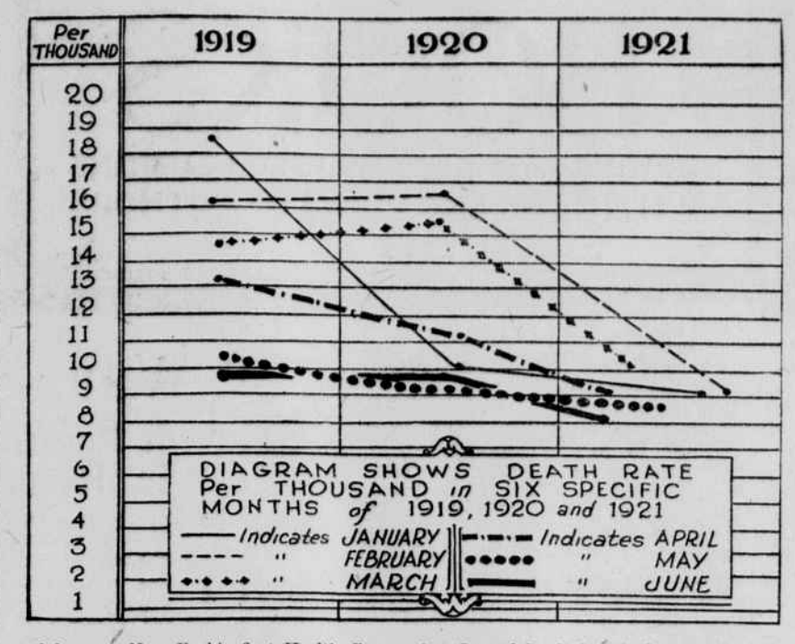
Meeting at Columbia of the academies of three continents, Marshal Foch representing the French Academy. A world celebration.

A visit to the France-America Society.

Marshal Foch laid the cornerstone of the new home of the Academy of Arts and Letters.

Returned to Columbia, where a degree was received by the Marshal as Envoy Extraordinary of French Art and Letters.

Marshal Foch honored guest at dinner of the France-America Society.



How Foch's Trip Revealed Pure Americanism

By W. A. DAVENPORT.

No Sociological Survey Needed to Show Intense Loyalty of Folk in Village and Hamlet

EVERY day some individual or some commission fares forth with secreteries and typewriters to investigate some particular phase of us and returns to write a solemn report. He, she or it has gone down into the mill and factory town or out into the farming regions; or the quest for knowledge has led down the mine shaft or across metropolitan streets.

Mayors, teachers, students, workers, idlers and who not are interviewed. Impressions are gathered and statistics compiled. In the end we have some person's or some commission's opinion. And that opinion, setting itself up to be an honest consensus of thought, is supposed to guide us in correcting this or that evil or enlarging this or that virtue.

The main point to this prelude is that such investigation is the result of a more or less conscientious and intelligent digging. Its value is in direct proportion to the material the investigator has been able to extract. And in nine cases out of ten the digger has found the ground rebellious. Almost invariably he has come back with nothing more than a regional diagnosis or a "representative" analysis.

Therefore, it made one yearn to have one or a dozen of such professional researchers on board the special train that carried Marshal Foch from New York to Kansas City and back again. It gave one to think what sort of a report a sociologist, for instance, would have made had he or she rumbled along that 1,400 miles of railroad track watching us Americans who stood at railway stations and at crossroads between watching the elaborate trains of Pullmans going by.

Nation as a Whole Emotional, So Discount Must Be Made

Of course you must deduct something for the famous American sentimentality. To boot, we're an emotional people. We love sentimental songs about the lads dying on the battlefield chanting the names of their sweethearts, despite the fact we know no one who has ever witnessed or heard such unpleasantry. We must deduct something for that. In brief, we must make allowances for the undeniable love the American has for a parade or its equivalent. We are a nation of band followers. We applaud a play that never should have been written, much less staged, merely because one of the actors waves the Stars and Stripes or denounces the country's imaginary enemies.

Make what allowances you will for all that and come along with Marshal Foch across Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, Missouri and back up through Illinois and Michigan. And then try to write a report upon the state of the people—how much affected they have been by radical political propaganda and how far they have departed from the old fashioned band wagon stuff that we call patriotism for the want of a more accurate name. Consider first the village of Wolf Lane.

The special train didn't even hesitate as it passed through Wolf Lane. The gazetteer informs us that it has a population of 345. There were at least 200 citizens huddled beneath the wooden awning over the narrow station platform, for it was raining. They all had flags. A woman was holding a service banner decorated with six gold and silver stars, emblematic of Wolf Lane's contribution to the undoing of the Hohenzollerns. Two fat men—probably the town butcher collaborating with the chief of police—were sawing away on fiddles. You can only imagine what they were playing.

Four boys in olive drab uniforms (or what was left of them) stood stiffly at attention in front of the crowd. On both flanks of this valiant rank the children huddled together, screaming in sheer excitement. The Stars and Stripes floated from a pole behind the depot, and beneath the Stars and Stripes the Tricolor, obviously made for the occasion, because the colors were sewed together in reverse order.

The great special train roared through without even a blast from its locomotive's whistle. The Marshal was sitting inside reading a book. He doesn't know yet that he passed through Wolf Lane and that Wolf Lane will be talking about the day he passed through for half a year. Those 200 didn't get so much as a glimpse of the great man.

Now, just what is wrong with Wolf Lane—if anything?

Probably rents have increased there and food costs 100 per cent. more than it did in 1917. Probably half the town is suffering from the unemployment curse. Maybe Wolf Lane will never see a theatre or a circus. As you and I see life, there is a minimum of it in Wolf Lane. But just think of that service banner, those two fiddlers and the four ex-doughboys and make allowances for them too.

And Gallitzin, Pa.!

Gallitzin comes as close to being no town at all as a town can. Her size is referred to, of course, and not her spirit or industrial importance. Much coal is mined there, and coke ovens are important units in her industrial existence. Certainly, if all the reports and surveys are to be swallowed whole, you couldn't expect a great militarist—the man who uses armies like chessmen—to stir coal miners.

The secret service men were on guard, as a matter of fact, lest some idle coal miner heave a chunk of anthracite through a window in the Marshal's car. And to add to that you couldn't expect Gallitzin to grow enthusiastic about anything the American Legion has inspired, because the demagogues have been walking the country calling the legion the tool of the great capitalists and a strikebreaking agency.

But behold Gallitzin, gloomy in her own soot and grimy from her own coal mines. She lies up at the west end of the Horse Shoe Curve and looks just like what you'd expect a coal mining town to look like. Yet she was out with her service flags and the Stars and Stripes. The church bell was making wild gyrations and five hundred children, stiff and uncomfortable in their Sunday clothes, were singing "La Marseillaise."

The miners were out with their dinner pails on their arms and their lamps in their caps. A dozen of them wore their old service breeches, no longer olive drab but rusty brown from the coal. And, just beyond, the band!

The Gallitzin band is composed of ten horns and a couple of drums. If its members have uniforms they neglected bringing them along the day Foch passed through Gallitzin. They wore the clothes they work in. Some wore derby hats. Others had the peaked cap of the miner cocked over one eye. They played "La Marseillaise," but it took who has heard that call to arms hundreds of times in hundreds of places to recognize it. There was neither unison nor direction to that band. It merely played the French song as it knew how—badly. The Marshal stood rigidly at attention, his hand at salute. The anthem wabbled along until near the end, when the band suffered complete collapse.

And when the musicians abandoned the effort they hurled their horns to the ground and cheered.

What's the matter with Gallitzin—if any thing?

It would be idle repetition to set forth here the stories of other towns and villages through which the train sped without a moment's slackening of pace. They turned out waving flags and singing. You couldn't hear the song and they couldn't see the Marshal. Mere curiosity? Why did they sing, then? And why wave flags? Nine-tenths of these tiny places had no American Legion posts to organize such affairs. And if it was merely curiosity, why the furore? Why not just stand on the station platform with both eyes open?

At Independence, Mo., the train stopped for a minute. Away from the crowd that surged against Marshal Foch's car stood an ancient negro.

"This must be a new train," he commented to a reporter who had alighted.

"Sure it is. It's Marshal Foch's special," replied the reporter.

"Who?"

"Marshal Foch."

"Dawgone," shouted the old boy running toward the car, "I got to git me a look at him and tell de boys."

He paused before running toward the Marshal's car.

"Who'all is dis Mister Foch, suh?" he asked.

The reporter tried to be brief.

"'Pears I read somethin' about that man. Anyways I git me a look so's the boys can't git uppy wi' me."

The train passed through farm land where houses were scattered in villages of three to ten buildings every mile or so. And time after time the porches of these houses would be occupied by collarless and even shirtless men who stood at attention as the cars flashed past. And often, behind these American men stood their women folks carrying children—and the children waving flags. They didn't have to pay any attention. They had no chance of seeing Foch. They had waited for an hour or more for the train to pass. Those men didn't have to stand in the rigid position of the soldier. They just did it.

And that's going to require a lot of explaining from the folks who go out among us with typewriters and adding machines to discover for us that the country is bound for Bolshevism and that men and women to-day are sneering at old fashioned "you-may-fire-when-you're-ready-Gridley" patriotism or Americanism or whatever you call it.

Woman Gave a Geranium For Son's Grave in France

And there was the woman at the station platform in a little town in Indiana. She had managed to get away up front near the observation end of Foch's special train. The train paused less than a minute. But she rushed past the policemen and the secret service men to thrust into the French soldier's hands a potted geranium.

"My boy died near Soissons," she told the Marshal. "Will you plant this flower when you get back home? He was a gardener and raised beautiful geraniums."

That night some one moved the geranium into the baggage car. Foch missed it in the morning and made inquiries.

"Fetch it back," he ordered, when informed that it had been taken out of his way. "I shall attend to it myself because I intend keeping it alive and planting it in my own garden for that woman's boy."

He didn't say this to reporters. None of his staff came running back to the correspondent's car to tell them how thoughtful this Marshal was. The incident was overheard inadvertently. The professional press agent would have sown the story in every State in the Union.

Of course it is more difficult to assay the worth of the demonstrations in the cities. These demonstrations were organized. They had been worked up for days. The Governors of States and the Mayors of cities took part. There were great parades and fiery speeches. Policemen herded the crowds back and forth. To repeat, it was difficult to weigh the sincerity of such welcomings.

But the crowds in Cleveland didn't have to stand for hours in the rain to get a glimpse of Foch. And the shivering crowds who couldn't even get near the curbs weren't led in their cheering away back there where they couldn't see his automobile. And the men and boys who belong to no military organization now, and who had not been asked to march in the parade did not have to resurrect the old army breeches or the battered overseas cap and wear them just for the day.

Supposed Home of Communism As Joyful as Any Place

Later on the Marshal was led through the Homestead steel mills near Pittsburgh. How many times have we been told that these steel workers were disciples of Communism and what not? Think of the stories to the effect that these huskies were yearning to see the Red flag take the place of the Stars and Stripes and longed for the opportunity of sneering at representatives of the old order of things.

Well, you should have seen the big boy who had been feeding a furnace back away from his fiery door and salute the Marshal as he went by, and you should have seen the puddlers swinging their long iron rods in time with their cheers. They didn't have to, you know. And there was no cheer leader to instigate a demonstration. It was wholly spontaneous.

"Youth, youth," said the Marshal repeatedly. "You have youth on your side, you Americans and youth will always prevail. It has no enemy strong enough to cope with it. Your country is young; your old people are young; your ideals are those of the clean minded youth. You have boundless energy. Whatever you do you do with all the vigor of the youth. It was that youth and freshness and vigor and the courage of the young man who has never been afraid that carried your soldiers through to victory."

This argument that America is still America may suffer lapses from logic. It may not run true to the rules of sociology—if there be arbitrary rules. And it may cause the singers of the "Internationale" to snicker a bit.

But after all it's not an argument. It is merely a recital of commonplace facts—things that happened while Marshal Foch was going to Kansas City and coming back.

Way Up Mount Everest Found

Continued from Third Page.

October 10 the scientific world, and, indeed, the entire intelligent world, rejoiced on receipt of a telegram from the expedition announcing success at the last chance as a way had opened. The telegram was despatched by Col. Bury from Phari Dzong, and read:

PHARI DZONG, Oct. 10.

The route to the summit of Mount Everest by the northeast arete has been found to be practicable.

On September 22 six members of the expedition, with twenty-six coolies, arrived at the col at the head of the Kharta valley, camping at 22,500 feet.

On the following day Mallory, Bullock and Wheeler encamped on the glacier below the north col.

On the 24th they ascended the north col, connecting Everest with the north peak, to 23,000 feet, finding the northeast arete quite possible, but they were driven back by a furious northwesterly gale, lasting four days, with intense cold, and making all climbing impossible.

All the party are in good health. The reconnaissance of Mount Everest is now completed.

Sir Francis Younghusband, president of the Royal Geographical Society, rejoiced, as did all those who had anxiously followed reports of the Everest expedition. The president said:

"The expedition has achieved the object for which it was despatched. It has reconnoitred Everest from all the approaches on the northern side. On the northwest it found no practicable route to the summit; but after much careful reconnaissance the climbing party under Mallory has at last found a route by which it seems possible that a properly organized expedition despatched next year may reach the top.

"The climbing party has experienced very severe weather, and it is quite evident that only under the most favorable weather conditions will their ultimate object be attained. But anyhow, as far as the mountain itself is concerned, it now seems clear that there really is a feasible way up to the top of Mount Everest. This is a most valuable point to have established."

Next year, with the accumulated experience and the knowledge obtained in this expedition of reconnaissance, a determined and fully equipped expedition will be sent out with the purpose of climbing to the top of Mount Everest.

Professor J. Norman Collie, president of the Alpine Club, is authority for the statement that what has been gained this year will be followed up next year. Of the advantages to be gained by these explorations Professor Collie spoke in no light terms. The importance of the expedition will, he said, prove enormous.

"From the geographical point of view, there are thousands of square miles of entirely unknown and unmapped country opened to the world. The zoological and botanical interests will be tremendously served. Geologically we will now know the character of the strata in the country which has the highest mountains in the world."

The cost of the expedition is about £10,000 ($50,000), which is said to be very little considering the results from the various scientific points of view. It represents two years' work.